

THE
MUSÈS AND GRACES
ON A VISIT
TO GROSVENOR SQUARE.

[Price One Shilling.]

MUSEES AND GRACES

ON A LIST

TO CHRISTOPHER SQUARE



THE
MUSES AND GRACES
ON A VISIT
TO GROSVENOR SQUARE.

BEING A
COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL SONGS
SUNG

BY THE MASKERS,

At Mrs. CREWE's Elegant BALL,

TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1775.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. BEW, in PATER-NOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXXV.

THE
 MUSEES AND GRACES
 ON A FIELD
 TO GROSSENNOR SQUARE
 BEING A
 COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL SONGS
 BY
 THE MARRIAGE
 W. MR. C. R. W. F. H. G. B. A. F. I.
 TUESDAY, MARCH 17th
 LONDON
 PRINTED BY J. W. B. F. THE SOUTHERN ROW



[1]

A N E W S O N G,
ENTITLED AND CALLED
T H E F E A T H E R S.

I.

HASTE away, ye Bat-fowlers, to CREWE's let's resort;
Spread your nets all to-night, and I'll warrant you sport;
For I know of a *Bevy* that's just met together,
A flock of *fine birds* there, and all in *full feather*.

II.

Philosophers tell us that Man is a creature,
That walks on two legs, and *unfeather'd* by nature;
But Woman a form more delightful assumes,
And our Fair-ones are nought but a bundle of *plumes*.

III.

The *Feather*, they say, is an *emblem* design'd
Of the sex's light nature that veers with the wind;
And the different colours are laid on their wings,
To show us that *Women* are *changeable* things.

IV.

Observe how white, yellow, blue, purple, and red,
All the tints of the rainbow are pinn'd to one head:
For *Feathers* they ransack the air, earth, and sea;
And a Lady's rout looks like—a *menagerie*.

B

So

V.

So closely they stick, you wou'd swear, when you see 'em,
 They had all made a party to rob the *Museum*;
 Or, to *feather their nests* well, and make *their heads* clever,
 Had cross'd *Leicester-fields*, and plunder'd poor *Lever*.

VI.

If below the fair bosom this fashion shou'd spread,
 And the body be *plumed* as well the head;
 It would puzzle *Buffon* in what *genus* to place,
 Or what *species* allot to this new *feather'd race*.

VII.

Who knows but our Girls, (we have seen stranger things)
 When they once have got *feathers*, may make themselves *wings*;
 Like our swallows in winter, may soon take their flight,
 And bid all their lovers and husbands Good-night!

VIII.

Let's away then to CREWE's in pursuit of the Fair;
 We may fling a net o'er 'em, and catch 'em all there:
 Then mingling together, we'll join the gay throng;
 For *you're in full feather*, and *I'm in full song*.

A N E W B A L L A D;

To the Tune of "*Fill about the brisk Bowl.*"

YE Vot'ries of Pleasure, so frolick and gay,
 To whom fullen Care is unknown;
 To Masking and Revels fair CREWE points the way,
 And teaches you here the *Bon Ton*.

Bon Ton, &c.

Here Beauty displays her *high Plumes* to our view,
 Here all her bright Feathers are shown;
 Though none of them wave on the tresses of CREWE,
 Yet she to each *heart* gives the *Ton*.

See DEVONSHIRE nodding her plumes in the air!
 From *Venus* she's borrow'd her zone:
 With wonder and rapture to gaze on this Fair,
 Ev'ry *sense* must confess is *Bon Ton*.

The blushes of *Hebe* in CRAVEN display'd
 More fresh than the rose that's just blown:
 Her frolicks and whimsies so pleasing are made,
 They quickly become the *Bon Ton*.

On SEFTON and BOUVERIE who feasts his fond eye,
 Will soon find his heart not his own:
 To conquer his passion, ah! why shou'd he try?
 To love them, he'll find, is *Bon Ton*.

If

If lips vermeil-tinctur'd, and teeth iv'ry white,
 Excite in your breast a soft moan ;
 Of STANHOPE and BARRYMORE fly from the sight—
Refusals with them are *Bon Ton*.

Who PEMBROKE and JERSEY unmov'd can behold,
 Must sure be as dull as a drone :
 To these his soft passion none dare to unfold—
 There silence in love is *Bon Ton*.

The peevish old prude, who our pastime decries,
 And *cants* out her spleen with a groan ;
 Such folly we'll pity, such censure despise—
 To scorn her shall be the *Bon Ton*.

No lolling, no yawning, no drowsy *ennui*,
 No heart cold and hard as a stone ;
 These *modish infirmities* here you sha'n't see,
 They here cannot be the *Bon Ton*.

Here Fashion with Reason for once shall unite,
 And Wit shall attend at her throne ;
 True Taste shall embellish the feast of this night,
 And, summon'd by CREWE,—give the *Ton*.

A N O C C A S I O N A L
B A L L A D.

TO Revels CREWE now points the way,
We come in Masquerade :
We *Bacchanals* her call obey,
For Pleasure is our trade.

When a masking we will go, &c.

If Dancing be in fashion,
You here shall ne'er sit still ;
If Love's your fav'rite passion,
You here may take your fill.

When a masking, &c.

Ye *feather'd* Belles, and sighing Beaux,
Who grace this gorgeous Ball,
Though high ye bound on frolick toes,
Ye soon may get a fall.

When a masking, &c.

Behold each Fair in feathers dress'd,
Like silver *Cynthia* bright !
But try them, and you'll find, at best,
Their *hearts* as feathers light.

When a masking, &c.

C

And

And filken tops now in their prime,
 Who flirt and dance about ;
 How few there are who dance in time !
 Most dance themselves quite out.

When a masking, &c.

Your chapeau brave, your nodding plumes,
 Red heels and milk-white hose,
 Your languid airs, and strong perfumes,
 But prove that you are Beaux.

When a masking, &c.

And Beaux, without love's pleasing air,
 Were nought in days of yore ;
Sans them a Beau will soon turn Bear,
 Or, what is worse, a Boar.

When a masking, &c.

Then love and laugh, drive care away,
 To hail this midnight hour,
 Made brighter far than brightest day
 With Beauty's magic power.

When a masking we will go, &c.

A V E R Y N E W B A L L A D,

To the Tune of "*The Life of a Jovial Beggar.*"

I.

A SONG is ask'd—what shall it be?
Of Politics, Plays, or Weather,
Or something airy, light and free?

Well, what's more light than a *Feather*?

C H O R U S.

*Ye shining Throng that grace this night,
Bear a part in the Chorus together;
When a Feather's the Chorus, sure the Burthen is light!
For what is more light than a Feather?*

II.

A Feather's the *Thing*, quite à-propos,
So pray let us sing about it:
Of old it adorn'd the head of each *Beau*,
And now the *Belles* can't do without it.-----

CHORUS. *Ye shining Throng, &c.*

III.

You'll see the Fair, where'er you go,
Though taper and thin as a lath, Sir,
With Feathers nodding to and fro',
Like *plumed* Knights of the Bath, Sir.-----

CHORUS. *Ye shining Throng, &c.*

IV. Amongst

IV.

Amongst us Men (in ancient wars,
When strife arose between us,)
Plumes nodded on the head of *Mars*;
Now *Mars* has resign'd 'em to *Venus*.-----

CHORUS. *Ye shining Throng, &c.*

V.

Ye Husbands, to your Wives be kind,
Nor keep 'em too close to their tether;
By *trusting* you gain on a *generous* mind,
And thus you'll avoid the *Bull's Feather*.

CHORUS. *Ye shining Throng, &c.*

VI.

Thus joining, like the feather'd choir,
In chorus all together;
Whilst harmless mirth and joy inspire,
We all are Birds of a Feather.

CHORUS. *Ye shining Throng, &c.*

VII.

What happy creatures can you see
Throughout this earthly space, Sir,
So careless, airy, gay, and free,
As is the *feather'd* race, Sir?

C H O R U S.

*Then let your dress resemble theirs;
Ye plumed Nymphs, come hither:
This happy night forget your cares,
And each Heart be as light as a Feather!*

E L O P E M E N T

O F T H E

G R A C E S.

AS *Venus* one day, in a hurry for dressing,
 (*Jove's* dinner-bell ringing, and time very pressing)
 Call'd aloud for the GRACES—no GRACES were there ;
 They were gone on a visit to *Grosvenor-Square*.
 Dame *Venus*, enrag'd, fell a cursing and swearing,
 (Which shock'd all the Gods that stood within hearing)
 Then call'd for her coachman to harness her Doves,
 Vowing vengeance against the poor Girls and their Loves.
 She hunted the City ten thousand times o'er,
 But never could find them, till stopp'd at CREWE's door
 By *Cupid*, who, just at his Mother's approach,
 Was handing a Beauty from out of her coach—
 She follow'd the Beauty quite up to the room ;
 But then what a rage did her bosom consume,
 To see the fair Nymphs of *Great Britain* excel
 Her, who pass'd for the Beauty of Heaven and Hell !
 They had got the poor GRACES quite into the middle,
 And were dancing them round to the sound of the fiddle :
 The *Cyprian* Dame, who of these Three so proud is,
 Found they look'd, at this Ball, like a parcel of dowdies ;

D

For

For by turns they were waiting on JERSEY and DEVON,
 On SEFTON and BOUVERIE, on CARLISLE and CRAVEN.
 In short, the fair Goddesses some time stood confounded,
 And thought that she was by a Dozen surrounded :
 “ Which are mine of these GRACES ?” she cry’d in a passion,
 And scolded—like any fine Lady of Fashion :
 Her scolding soon caus’d in the GRACES a flurry,
 And low on their knees they dropp’d down in a hurry :
 “ Forgive us, good Goddesses,” then quickly they cry’d ;
 “ For Beauty to Beauty so near is ally’d,
 “ That this house for *Jove’s* Palace by us may be taken,
 “ And Women for *goddeffes* oft’ are mistaken :
 “ We saw one in the *Park*, whom we took for you ;
 “ We follow’d her home—and you see it is CREWE !”
 The Goddess was angry, and did not dare own it,
 But thought she would e’en put a good face upon it :
 “ You may stay then,” she cry’d ; “ for I won’t dress to-day ;”
 Then smil’d on the Ball, and soon fled away ;
 But wept out of envy, as other Gods say.

V E R S E S

Presented at Mrs. CREWE's BALL,

To the Hon. Mrs. BOUVERIE,

Just arrived in Town.

LES Plaisirs s'empres-
sent à paroître
Au moment que vous paroissez ;
Et je les vois chez moi renaitre,
Dès le jour que vous arrivez.

Chere Amie, recevez la Fête
Que mon Cœur vous a préparé
En sortant de votre retraite ;
C'est l'hommage de l'Amitié.

De cette Menotte enfantine
Prenez sans crainte ce Bouquet ;
Vous pourriez douter à sa mine
De quelque niche qu'on vous fait.

Mais à genoux il vous supplie,
Quoique d'Amour il ait les traits,
De recevoir, charmante Amie,
Cet Hommage de l'Amitié.

T H E E N D.

V E R S E S

TO THE HONORABLE COURT

OF THE COMMONS

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

THE PETITION OF

THE LORDS OF THE PARLIAMENT

OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

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THE END.

